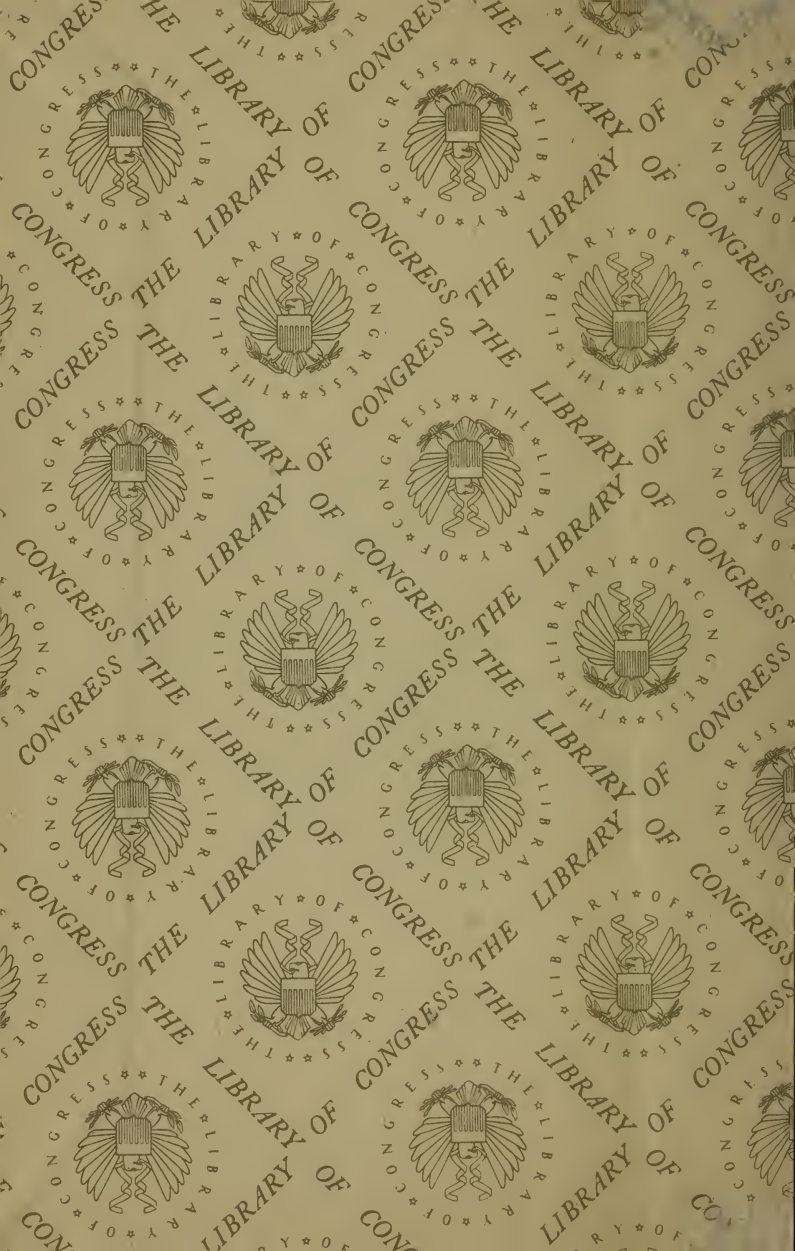
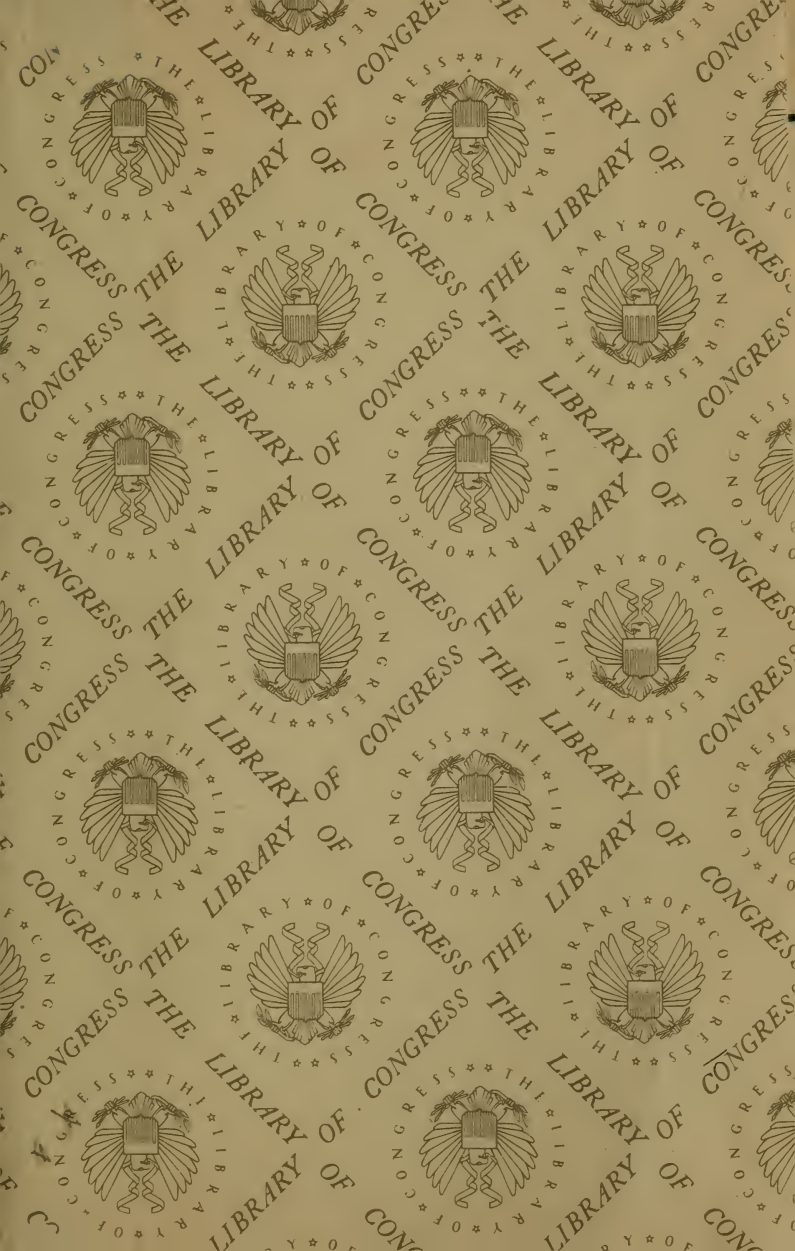


PS

1292

C5F6





FOR THINKING
HEARTS

JOHN VANCE CHENEY

THE LYRIC LIBRARY



BOSTON

E. H. BACON & COMPANY

8 Beacon Street

1903

Copyright 1903 by
E. H. BACON & COMPANY

All Rights Reserved

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS.
Two Copies Received
OCT 5 1903
Copyright Ently.
OCT 5 1903
CLASS 2 XXc. No
69742
COPY B.

PS 1292
C5 F6

"'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts."

WORDSWORTH.

TO
WILLIAM SHAW WARD, D. SC.

The power that buoys and gilds the poet's wings
Is friendship,—love and all love's offerings;
William, as in the bygone day, your heart
Still stays me, pilgrim on the way of art.

CONTENTS

- My Faith, 11
The Strong Eternal Sound, 11
Wizardry, 12
The Open Heart, 12
The Coming of the Dreams, 13
A Thought, 14
Alcyone, 14
Song of the Summer Hours (I., II.) 15
Fireflies, 16
Sunset in the Redwoods, 16
Three Voices, 17
The Twilight Hymn, 18
Twilight (I., II., III., IV.) 18
The Winds, 20
At the Edge of the Wood, 22
The Wood (I., II.) 23
- SPRING
- Song of the Cliff Tree, 24
 Symplocarpus foetidus, 25
 March, 25
 At the Hyla's Call, 26
 "Among the Willow Tassels Chant the
 Bees," 27
 Chipmunk, 27
 Bluebird, 28
 Bee, 28
The Leaves, 29
"Fill Me Fancy's Cell," 30
The Nest in the Vine, 31

- Happy Grasshopper, 31
 Fancy and I, 32
 Fancy's Packet, 33
 The Way of Joy (I., II.) 34
 Only for a Day, 36
 Dream Roses, 36
 The Pipe of Pan, 37
 In Faunus's Domain, 38
 By Fallen Fanes, 39
 "Wise Nature Prompts, the Part is Played," 40
 Dawn (I., II.) 41
 Summer Noon, 41
 The Nun Rose, 42
 The Elfin of the Field, 42
 The Elfin-Temple Bell, 43
 The Music Men Hear Not, 43
 The Grief on the Leaves, 44
 "Those Shadowy Recollections," 45
 By and By, 45
 The Rose of June is Doomed to Blight, 46
 The Unfinished Flower, 46
 The Shepherd Day, 47
 THE PASSING OF SUMMER
 The Last Cricket, 48
 The Voice of Warning, 48
 Dirge, 48
 "From the Slumbrous Summer Ground," 49
 "I Heard a Bird i' the Tree-Top," 50
 THE PASSING OF AUTUMN
 "Humbled, now, are Field and Bower," 50
 The Last Dance of the Leaves, 51

- “Autumn Hears not the Fell Feet Pass,” 51
“Black the Shadow, Gray the Gloom,” 52
“The Falling of the Autumn Rain,” 52
“Now Must the Night Winds Cry and
Moan,” 53
“The Sibyl i’ the Air,” 53
“Along the Silent, Shining Snow,” 54
Lullaby, 54
All the Dears Love I, 55
Run Away, Love, 55
Flower Song, 56
The Lowly Lasses, 57
Song of the Country Lass, 58
Song of the Farmer Man, 59
To the June Wind, 59
“You Fairest Things of Summer Day”, 60
To a Summer Breeze, 61
The Secret of June, 62
The Little Warm Owl, 63
Coyote, 64
Night on the Range, 65
Poet and Crow, 65
The Poet, 69
Music, 69
The Gracious Failure, 71
Ad Astra, 71
The Hope of Man, 72
The Voyage, 72
The Great Strange Glory, 73
The Hand, 73

Look Up, 74
The Angel Ever Nigh, 74
How is it, Heart? 75
Bleeding Heart and Broken Wings, 76
The Voice, 76
At Love's Door, 77
A-Riding Down, 78
By the Great Gray Stone, 79
The Empty Dwelling, 80
The White Blossoms, 81
A Rose Dying on a Grave, 82
At a Grave (I., II.) 83
Asleep in the West, 84
A Fairy Grave, 85
Poor Little Jane, 86
"No Longer with the Years", 87
My Dreams, 87
The Lowly, 88
What is the Vision? 88
"The Darkness Under the Light", 89
The Sphinx, 90
"I saw a Garden Glad and Fair", 90
The Eagle, 91

MY FAITH

I trust in what the love-mad mavis sings,
And what the whiteweed says whereso it blows,
And the red sorrel and the redder rose,
The power that puts the honeybee on wings,
And in its socket sets the rock, and rings
The hill with mist, and gilds the brook, and sows
The dusk, is on the wind that comes and goes,
The voice in thunders and leaf-murmurings.
I trust the might that makes the lichen strong,
That leads the rabbit from his burrow forth,
That in the shadow hides, in sunlight shines.
I trust what gives the one lone cricket song,
What ranks and hauls the wild-goose harrow
north,
And snows the wild white on the silent pines.

THE STRONG ETERNAL SOUND

Once more, once more, heart, tune the strings
True to the music of the ground;
Sing but the humble, happy things,
Join in the strong, eternal sound.

Still would I trust the day, the night,
Nor clamor at the gate of fame;
Among the names the wild flowers write
Be mine, or let me have no name.

WIZARDRY

The lated mist-shape on the hill,
Last of the night-things, lingering still;
Some glint from out the shining day
Which would not follow him away,
But wanders yet by wood and stream,
Betwixt a shadow and a gleam;
The subtile breath of thicket bowers,
Sweet as with spirits of the flowers;
The airy hammers of the rain,
Tapping, then instant still again;
The timid, whispered minstrelsy
Of winds beginning in the tree,—
Could I repeat what 't is these say to me,
Then would I be high priest of wizardry.

THE OPEN HEART

Would you understand
The language with no word,
The speech of brook and bird,
Of waves along the sand?

Would you make your own
The meaning of the leaves,
The song the silence weaves
Where little winds made moan?

Would you know how sweet
The falling of the rill,
The calling on the hill,—
All tunes the days repeat?

Neither alms nor art,
No toil, can help you hear;
The secret of the ear
Is in the open heart.

THE COMING OF THE DREAMS.

Would you look on Paradise,
It must be with closèd eyes.
On beyond the meadow flowers,
On beyond the forest bowers,
On beyond, beyond it lies.
Close, O, close your eyes!
One by one, the dreams come on,
Glimmer, glisten, and are gone.
See them while you may;
None will come another day.

Would you hear the singing spheres,
Lie and list with closèd ears.
'Neath the wind-harps in the bowers,
'Neath the feet of happy hours,
Sweet as thought on other years,—
Shut, O, shut your ears!

One by one, the dreams come on;
A breath, a whisper—they are gone.
Hear them while you may;
None will come another day.

A THOUGHT.

Fluttered near a lovely thought;
It set my heart a-swinging.
Out I reached—'t would not be caught;
Yet still I hear it singing.

What it says I cannot tell;
Than thought there's nothing fleeter.
Off it flew, but know I well
That only love is sweeter.

ALCYONE.

When sings Alcyone her lovely lays
And piteous, off the charmed Sicilian sea
The winds of winter into hiding flee,
Far from her nest; along the utmost ways
No sound is heard, nor ever storm-wing strays;
Still both the seaweed and the swinging tree,
Bound in the quiet round Alcyone,
And all the troubled world has happy days.

SONG OF THE SUMMER HOURS

I

Red of apple and purple of plum,
Life is for what, we say,
If not to pluck when the ripe sweets come,
And joy in the gold of the day?
We all are love's, we know but one art,—
To honor love, to follow our heart.
Naught know we of worth, below or above,
But love and beauty, beauty and love.
We sing and sing, and what sing we
Sings all the summer minstrelsy.

The birds and the brooks, they sing it,
World over, they ring it, they ring it;
The happy air, the summer long,
Is laughing, laughing with our song.
Red of apple and purple of plum,
Love is for what, we say,
If not to pluck when the ripe sweets come,
And joy in the gold of the day?

II

We, happy hearts, for nothing are
If not for ringing praises;
A song for Summer, near and far,
From hilltop down to daisies!

We wind her hair with leaves and flowers,
In places green and shady;
We are the happy summer hours.
And Summer is our Lady.

Come, sing with us! the while we run
Is Summer going, going.
Some say she loves the roving sun;
There is no knowing, knowing.

FIREFLIES

The little happy lights, flitting or still,
As now a-field or high above the hill—
All those gay fires are picture-melody,
Music which whoso cannot hear may see.

To music all things wake and move and shine;
Who cannot hear the sound may see the sign,
Set high or low,—the star, the lilted spark
Of yon love-lanterns blinking in the dark.

SUNSET IN THE REDWOODS

The sky is lilac, the sky is rose,
Fainter and fainter the redwood glows,
The winds would be still;
The ring-dove is calling,

The fond dusk falling
On the yellow hill.

Lullaby, lullaby clucks the quail,
Faster and faster the colors fail,
The winds grow still.
Is the ring-dove calling?
'Tis the love-dusk falling
On the purple hill.

Lost is the lilac, lost the rose,
In the shadow the rabbit knows;
The winds are still;
The ring-dove is dreaming,
The first star gleaming
Over the darkened hill.

THREE VOICES

The winds at play on a breezy day,
Sweet, sweet to hear what they sing and say;
But sweeter the murmur of winds that blow
When only the heart and the high leaves know;
And sweeter than these the voice that grieves
When light is lost to the wind and the leaves.

THE TWILIGHT HYMN

The wind, deep in the woodland, joys and grieves,
Strangely sweet the music there;
But sweeter than the song upon the leaves
The hymn upon the windless air.

For then the flocked and all-melodious hours
Follow, follow the light away
With measures loved of dusk and folded flowers,—
Dream, shadow threne for vanished day.

TWILIGHT

I

The summer day is dying,
The drowsy flowrets fold;
Long shadow soft is lying
On the green and gold.

The brook, what is it saying?
Or is it laughter sings,
Some voice of joy was playing
Among day's happy things?

The brook is flowing, flowing,
But not like summer streams;
Faint lights are on it glowing—
It is the drift of dreams.

I I

The glories falter on the mountain-crown,
The smooth blue heavens let their quiet down,
And up the wood-path, wandering in and in,
Now dusk and dream their ministry begin.

Blithe shapes peer after them, but well they know
They never may that slumbrous journey go;
The little wondering lights no longer leap,
And leaf on leaf the cool trees droop in sleep.

Silence, all silence, save the far-off sound
Haunting for aye the darkened forest-ground;
Memory of sweetest wind and bird that sing
Lives on, lives on, mixed in the murmuring.

I I I

Belated birds from paths of air
Into the soundless boughs have gone;
The smaller minstrels ply their care,
At grassy windows joying on.

They haunt not, now, the fields and trees,
The happy voices of the light;
But love will hear their melodies
Again in murmurs of the night;

Will hear them in the spirit lay
Adrift upon the stillness deep,
The singing round the dreamer's way
Along the gleamy hills of sleep.

Hid ways have winds that lightly shake
 The silver willows, half-awake,
 Mysterious paths the moonbeams take
 Across the shadowed mountain-lake;

The soul in deeper secret goes
 Behind the lilac and the rose
 In skies of evening, far away,
 Beyond the flight of night and day.

THE WINDS

We move across the morning lake
 Soon as the dawns begin,
 The evening lamps of gold we break
 When the stars are looking in.

We wake with morn, and forth we go,
 We follow after day;
 Like thoughts we wander to and fro,
 Like dreams we pass away.

We help the brightness where it weaves
 The hill his glittering crown;
 We come among the valley leaves,
 They flutter up and down.

We rouse at noon the sleepy reeds,
And they make melody;
We fret the meads, and set the weeds
A-swinging blissfully.

We linger where the roses are
When warmth and light are gone,
We take their sweet, and bear it far
To her whose cheek is wan.

We bring her wilding melody,
Beyond the singer's art;
Sweeter than in the summer tree
It trembles at her heart.

The living meet us, whither led,
We greet them as we blow;
We bend the grasses on the bed
Of them that never know.

They say, who mourn the human lot,
We are as breath of men;
But breath that goes, it cometh not,
We go to come again.

Though there's a falling of the flowers,
A time when no bird sings,
We shed not with the happy hours
The gladness from our wings.

Our breath is on the mountain pine,
Our murmur on the sea;
The burden is of things divine,—
Love and eternity.

We rove whence none can ever come,
On hidden paths we fare;
Think not to follow to our home,
All is God's secret there.

AT THE EDGE OF THE WOOD

A glimmer tremulant
On the bright bushes, slant
And whispering; quick it passes
Across the tossing grasses,
Skimming, flitting, flashing on;
It fades, it flickers, and is gone.
Now sorrowful and low,
Now sorrowful and slow,
Hear, hear the voice that grieves
Among the joyous leaves;
The voice that, by and by,
When hopes and roses die,

Shall wake, remembering
The summer melody;
Shall wake and, wailing, sing,
In places pale and dim,
The thin, sad, wandering hymn
Of dream and memory.

THE WOOD

I

Ever and ever yearning on the hill,
Ever and ever grieving by the sea;
The music here, when all the winds are still,
Is but the murmured sweet of dreamery.

It wakes, it wanders, drifting with the breath
Of frailest, palest flower the shadows fold;
It dies upon itself, the gentle death
Of sunsets giving to the dark their gold.

II

Yea, son of man, they never cease,
The spirit strains upon me blown;
They come and touch with pain and peace
Strange and unfathomed as your own.

Nay, never know I what is meant;
The mystic breathings rise and fall,
Out of eternal passion sent;
Wondrous the music of them all.

Perhaps, at last, some melody
Will waft an answer to thy heart;
Stay thou, and, listening tenderly,
Spell me the secret of mine art.

Hints from me, like the shadows, flit,
And murmurs run in sun and rain;
The faint, far thing, they whisper it,
They strive to tell, are gone again.

A lift, a tremble of my leaves,
Laughter may be, or is it moan?
The voice that ever joys or grieves,
Thou mayest know it, thou alone.

SPRING

I—SONG OF THE CLIFF TREE

Sings the wild tree!
Clear and strong,
Hear his new song
Ring through the night!
Let the cold winds rave;
Glad is the stave
On the rock-height.
To the steep he clings,
Toward the deep he swings,
Of green leaves he sings,
Sings the wild tree!

II—*Symplocarpus foetidus*

At thump of love-drum from the partridge log,
Thrust your strong beak from out the steaming
bog,
Push your grim spathe the while the black skies
clear;
Up! fall to work, Spring's burly pioneer.

Visored and heavy-shouldered, forth now, fellow,
Unfurl and flaunt your purple, green and yellow;
Up! you whose smell is not as Lebanon,
The throb, the stir, the burst, urge on, urge on!

III—MARCH

The pussy-willows and the hazels know,
The bluebirds and the robins, who is who;
I trust to such, and let the whiners go.
Bravo! bluff March; I swing my hat to you.

If but for putting Shakespeare in your debt—
That matchless line about the daffodil—
On with the joyance! Antics madder yet!
Blast, crack the trumpets! Frisk your fill.

IV—AT THE HYLA'S CALL

The things the sun and the south wind do
When the green o' the year is peeping through,
And Joy is abroad, and the dancing hours
Know only the clocks of the leaves and flowers!
When the squirrel-cups are brimming with rain,
When blackbirds are come and the needly grain;
When the shy arbutus awakes on the hill,
And the ribbon-snake slips from his chamber chill,
From the dream-room down in his gloomy house,
To the nest of the bird and the nest of the mouse;
In the thick of the meadow and greenwood smells,
Of the minstrelsy by the willowed wells;
By the brook, and the bridge of lichened log,
With the spotty trout and the freckled frog;
By the upland bunches the rabbit knows
Ere the great sun comes, when the great sun goes;
Along warm walls where ivies bind
And braid the sunshine and weave the wind,—
It 's to rouse, and follow the hyla's call,
To seek in the grass where soft rains fall,
To look overhead while the clouds push by,
Look under the grays on the naked sky;
It 's to walk with the wind where the mists are
 rolled,
To cross on the moss where the shadows fold;
It 's to follow him with the locks love-curl'd,
To wander with Joy to the end of the world.

V—"AMONG THE WILLOW TASSELS CHANT THE BEES"

Among the willow tassels chant the bees;
Just sun enough to warm the butterfly—
Dropt like the bright leaf fallen from autumn
trees—
To stir the light-heart squirrel scampering by.
Anemones here, arbutus, violets there,
Shy blisses glimmer up and down the air.

VI—CHIPMUNK

Come, merry little nursling of the sun,
Where is my chipmunk? Where the furry ball
Curled on the warmest hardhead in the wall?
Till you appear the season's not begun.
The glum brook waits to see you peep and run,
The young leaves wait those eyes, so bright and
small,
You pierce with through the shadow, rain and all,
And jump at once into the summer fun.
Arbutus, bloodroot, spotty addertongue,
Bright moss, and wintergreen with berries red,
Not one has played the laggard, all are here;
Spring, sniffing, walks the squirrelcups among;
Out with it, show that little saucy head,
Frisk, chipmunk, start the frolic of the year.

VII—BLUEBIRD

Which first of all the blessèd songful things?
Say you the sparrows, spirits of the ground,
Who glad the April air with happy sound?
Say you the orioles? (In the elm one sings,
The busy love-fires flashing where he swings) .
The thrushes, voiced like stars upon their round?
The yellowbirds, as wave to wave they bound?
The vireos with tunes like ripple-rings?
Belike you name blithe Bob-o-Lincoln, too,
And cat-bird, master of rogue's roundelay;
Chance, heart o' winter, braveling chickadee.
But when joy thrusts right through the heart of
you,
"That 's Spring-mad robin—set him first!" you
say;
Love says: "My bluebird in the apple-tree!"

VIII—BEE

Bee—bee—bee,
Happy in my apple blossoms,
Merry in my cherry blossoms,
Happy, merry make you,
And no tree-toad take you.

Bee—bee—bee,
Busy in the sunny hours,
Hidden in the honey bowers,
When I hear your singing,
Then I fear your stinging.

Bee—bee—bee,
Take my treasures every one,
Bring me pleasures never one,
To my heart-sweet strike you;
All the world is like you.

THE LEAVES

The dainty gallantry
Of leaves in the summer tree!
Every lover, every sweeting—
Pretty, pretty greeting!

Swaying in the sunny weather,
Now they steal together;
Now flutter free—till when?
'Tis time to kiss again.

“FILL ME FANCY’S CELL”

Off, my thought, with the bee,
Go seek the blossom-bell;
Sail it over the airy sea,
To the sweet-o’-heart, to the elfin tree;
Mate with the bee, and happy roam,
Follow him off, and follow him home.
Go, fair and fleet,
And bring me sweet;
Bring from the blossom-bell
Honey and melody,—
Fill me Fancy’s cell.

Thought, go journey and sing,
Go drink in the honey-well;
Belt yourself with his robber’s rings,
With the mellow sun-gold yellow your wings;
Follow your guide wherever he ride,
The dear little thief of the summertide.
Go, fair and fleet,
And bring me sweet;
Bring from the blossom-bell
Honey and melody,—
Fill me Fancy’s cell.

THE NEST IN THE VINE

Weave, bird in the green green leaves!
Wind in with every thread
The shine of the earth and sky;
Twine heaven's blue and the rose's red,
And the wind-sweet singing by.

Weave, bird in the green green leaves!
The lustre from east to west,
The melody line by line,
Braid it, shade it, into the nest,
The home in the heart of the vine.

Weave, bird in the green green leaves!
All happy color and sound,
By love's own cunning curled,
Wind it, bind it, round and round,
Build in the bliss of the world.

HAPPY GRASSHOPPER

A N A C R E O N

Happy grasshopper, O you,
Sipping cool cups of the dew,
Sipping, making melodies
On the greenest leaf that is,—
Earth keeps not one blissful thing

Hid from you. You sing and sing;
Sweet you sing and tenderly,
Lest some little hurt should be.
Spring first whispers in your ear,
And you tell us what you hear;
Every muse, as every heart,
Loves you; all Apollo's art
Ever wakes in realms above
You sing over to lowly love.
Grasshopper, ah, happier far
Than the happy gods you are;
They share not their heaven, while you,
Happy, make us happy, too.

FANCY AND I

I heard the wind rise, I heard it fall,
Saw the chipmunk scamper on root and wall;
I heard the sparrow, glad as the day,
Carolling, throwing songs away.
Where light and laughter would ripple and pass,
Saw the cricket jump after his heart in the grass;
Where all day long the clouds—sky-fancies—
Witched the meadow ways and the daisy-dances,
Heard the yellowbirds flying in rhythmic waves,
The wave crests tipped with plaintive staves;
Heard the woodpecker hammer the hemlock bole,
Saw the marmot on end at the door of his hole,
Saw the jay awake, and the bat asleep,

Saw the moss all still, saw the runnel creep,
Saw the brave day live, saw the brave day die,
Saw the bee go home and the butterfly,
Saw the first wild star wheel into the sky.
So Fancy shows to the eyes that close
The round of joyance Nature knows;
So Fancy brings to the heart that sings
All happy, shining, singing things.
Fancy and I, 'twixt these walls alone,
Fancy and I, and the world our own.

FANCY'S PACKET

What is the bright thing dancing up and down,
Like winter stars between the swinging trees?
Far, far out from trouble and the town,
That 's fancy's packet dipping in the seas.

The winds from odorous bank and woodland
blow,—

The winds awakened when the day is gone,—
Laden, toward it drifting, drifting go,
To breathe their sweet and waft it on and on.

With them the little songs too sweet for light,
Their measures mute upon the noisy shore,
Float out and out in quiet of the night,
Dreams running after, running on before.

Hail me the bright thing dancing up and down,
Like winter stars between the swinging trees!
Far, far out from trouble and the town,
That 's fancy's packet dipping in the seas.

THE WAY OF JOY

I

A secret way there is
Through leaves and melodies
With sweet which falters never;
They that wander there
Are joyous all, and fair;
The way is fair forever,
And they are fair forever.

On every hand some happy thing
From a glad heart is carolling,
And hour to hour new beauties try
The dream-gates of the quiet eye.

Not greenest leaves, when winds begin,
May to that last enchantment win;
A blissful spirit lives within
The sun and shadow, floating, falling,
To the voices singing, calling.
And over and over sayeth he
To the maskers and the minstrelsy,

“Happy, happy let the journey be!
Be round them, man and woman, maid and boy,
Lead them sweetly on the way of joy.”

II

Let's walk Joy's native way!
Better, better so;
Day and night, and night and day,
Better to joy than know.

Sad measures none has May;
Hark! above, below,
Voices over and over say,
Better to joy than know.

The quick winds wake and play,
Through the clean leaves blow;
Shut the books and come away,
Better to joy than know.

Blithe sun-gold hides the gray,
Glories gleam and grow;
See, the shadow cannot stay;
Knowledge, O, let it go!

The young hearts, warm, and wise,
Call with laughter low:
Be as the happiest bird that flies,
Be as the brooks that flow.

Come, fleet-foot Joy's own way,
In it let us go;
Day and night, and night and day,
Better to joy than know.

ONLY FOR A DAY

Softly, all together,
Come while yet you may;
Through the warm, sweet weather
Come, come all, this way.
Let none delay, let none delay;
Love is only for a day.

Come, come let us wander
Whither joy will stray;
In the shadow yonder,
Waits the spectre gray.
None says him nay, none says him nay;
Life is only for a day.

DREAM ROSES

If any love-dream come,
Ere yet its beauty closes,
Pluck it and drink its breath;
Love-dreams are lovers' roses.

Love has a sweeter June
Than sets the red rose blowing;
Pluck it before it fall,
The pale rose soonest going.

If any love-dream come,
Ere yet its beauty closes,
Pluck it and drink its breath;
Love-dreams are lovers' roses.

THE PIPE OF PAN

Strike, strike up, old jolly god!
Now for busy heeling,
Lissome measures tript and trod,
Mazes gay and merry reeling.

Play! play up the happy tune;
Under summer covers,
In her hair the badge of June,
Love is coming with her lovers.

Blow the blithe old Nomian lay
'Neath the greenest bower;
Joy, it lives a summer day,
Not for long is love in flower.

Leave the cattle, leave the sheep;
Hither flit the Graces:
At the noontide, sound asleep,
Dream will tease you with their faces.

Swift they come from field and wood,
Hill and rock and valley,
All the nimble sisterhood
That around the goat-god rally.

By your hoof and by your horn,
By your crown of pine,
Ruddy face and beard unshorn,
By your seven reeds divine,

Strike, strike up, old jolly god!
Now for busy heeling,
Lissome measures tript and trod,
Mazes gay and merry reeling.

IN FAUNUS'S DOMAIN

Upon a fleece I laid me down with Sleep
Where Faunus, pine-crowned prophet, holds do-
main;

Sleep curled him close, to show the secret train
Dream-led on happy ways. But ere I deep
Was fallen, the Fauni 'gan to play and peep,
Set on by Zephyrus, intent to gain

His Chloris, breathing spice from hill and plain;
I missed no shape the woodland has in keep.
Came every goaty ear and stubby nose,
Came every hoof that patters to the pipe,
Came every love that hunts with Artemis.
Came last, alack! the smoothest limbed of those
That weave the dance by springs when leaves are
ripe;
She snatched up Sleep, she killed him with a kiss.

BY FALLEN FANES

Where is she now, the Queen of Love,
They gave the rose, the silver dove;
Where Ceres of the yellow hair
Made double sunshine on the air?

Where she in Heaven forewent the boy,
Passing the cup of youth and joy;
Where Hylas whom the bright arms bore
To lovedom off, since come no more?

Where wave-born Clytie, making moan
For Lord Apollo false and flown?
Where she locked in the laurel tree,
Where, now, the hand-clasped, happy Three?

Where they that wore the filmy green
Their sleeky limbs showed whiter in;

And they that on the sea rocks met
To launch brave love-tales, drifting yet?

Where are they all once hovering
By fallen fane, by bush and spring?
Where gaze they, now, so sweet and wise,
They of the calm, immortal eyes?

“WISE NATURE PROMPTS, THE PART IS
PLAYED”

The cattle lay them in the shade,
The eagle stirs him, climbs the light;
Wise Nature prompts, the part is played,
And all is goodly in her sight.

You bent you double; spent the day
Upon a tome, “The Soul of Man”;
I plied a child in the mead at play
With wind that blew and brook that ran.

Chance, much was won from the wondrous tome;
But best for me the sweet wild art
That from the meadow led me home,
To make the music in my heart.

DAWN

I

One little still green star,
A blossom sound asleep,
Curled mist in slumber hung,
A bird in dreaming deep;
Eastward a flush, a glow—
I hear the darkness go.

II

Reaches the Hand, the dark is drawn away;
The files of splendor, up and up they climb,
Their bright feet gild the hilltop grim and hoary.

New risen, new born forever is the day;
Yonder! the sun-hosts come the first great time,
The pikes of light storm the high East with glory.

SUMMER NOON

So fickle are the little winds,
One may not say they blow;
The balanced leaves, they tremble, wait,
Not sure which way to go.

So fare my fancies. Fluttering soft,
As out of sleep they start;
The while they think to drift away,
They die upon my heart.

THE NUN ROSE

Where was a shadow trying—
Methought, so soft 'twas lying—
To know its own softness, to feel
Itself and the still still hour,
The loves came. I saw them kneel
Where, by the moon's white mounting,
A pale nun rose stood, counting
Her rain-beads after the shower.

THE ELFINS OF THE FIELD

Spider, weave, and cricket sing;
Quiet, all your kindred bring,
And music, do you so.
Lift your voices low,—
Stir of tree and purl of stream
Fit to catch the passing gleam
Of young love-faces filled with dream.
Quiet come, and gentle sound;
Now the elfins make their round,
Now the thistledown is wheeled
From the fringes of the field,
All the secret things are done
Known to weed-tops i' the sun.
Quiet, come, and gentle sound;
Now the elfins make their round.

THE ELFIN-TEMPLE BELL

That fane is where,
What the service there?
When all the world is still,
And fancy has her will,
I hear, I hear,
Far off but clear,
The knell of the elfin-temple bell.

Asleep the breeze
On the leafy seas;
Love-close the hill-mist clings,
No blossom nods or swings;
Dream-ways along
No shape, no song;
Just the knell of the elfin-temple bell.

THE MUSIC MEN HEAR NOT

Even as the stars do swim
To an eternal hymn,
The little lives so slight
They wheel beyond our sight,
May, in each hidden groove,
To ruling music move;
To sweet as any note
Of birds may whirl the mote,

And every pulse of air
Stir wondrous music where
We hear no sound,
Clogged with the ground.
The shyest winds that shake
The feather of the brake,
The needle of the moss
As soft they step across,
Are noise, may be,
To melody
The happy atom hears,
All lost to human ears.

THE GRIEF ON THE LEAVES

Lovers have been, ere now,
Under this bough;
It is of human hearts, the grief
Breathing from leaf to leaf.

Half-heard in sunny light,
'Tis loud at night;
Clear as the moon out of her cloud,
The silence brightens loud.

Lovers have been, ere now,
Under this bough;
Of breaking hearts the sigh.
They break, but cannot die.

“THOSE SHADOWY RECOLLECTIONS”

Darkness lets not go the light;
Behind day's flaming flight
The glory lingers on,
Glimmers through the dusk the dawn.

In the violet's alien hue
Trembles remembered blue
Of stretches pure and far,
Round the path of sun and star.

Wears the lowliest life that is
Celestial semblances,—
Strange beauties, golden things,
Worn in skyey wanderings.

BY AND BY

At last, some where, some happy day,
The bliss will round us lie;
For all a joyous way
To follow by and by.

'Tis promised by the bird, the brook,
The wide, unsyllabled air;
Whither I chance to look,
I see it written there.

I learn it from each star that wheels,
From every flower that blows,
From all a young heart feels,
From all an old heart knows.

THE ROSE OF JUNE IS DOOMED TO BLIGHT

The rose of June is doomed to blight,
Passes the sweetest music heard;
The shadow steals on the leaping light,
The serpent curls by the summer bird.

Ay, but the rose of June returns,
And song as sweet as the song before;
And star on star through the darkness burns,
And love that is once is forever more.

THE UNFINISHED FLOWER

This pale green stalk, here, leaning in the shade,
Life meant, perchance, to be her sweetest flower;
But while she dreamed and fashioned, half-afraid,
A strange voice wakened in the greening bower.

The voice called to her from the vapor gray,
Bridging across the woodland to the hill;
She heard it, trembled, drew her hand away,
And here 's the crowning flower, unfinished still.

This pale green stalk is all. 'Twas that dread
breath;
The flower died in Life's thought, saved so from
Death.

THE SHEPHERD DAY

The shepherd day came cheerly, looking round
Upon his charge,—the hills and all their herds,
The brooks, the trees, and—dearest things on
ground—

The flowers, love-tongued for lovers wanting
words.

These knew him, every one, and from his hand
Took, in their turn, some new and tender grace;
For which they clung about him, made him stand,
When they would sweetly look him in the face.
Forth from his stronghold strode the wild-haired
storm,

Ranking his terrors on the roaring hill;
The while he warred they saw the shepherd's form
Confront him, fading, and their hearts fell still.
The dark is troubled; hark! the waking flocks
Lament the shepherd, dead among the rocks.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER

I—THE LAST CRICKET

All faded, all his little bowers are brown,
The things he lived in, weeds and grasses fair,
All withered; naught but blight and silence there,
And shadow slowly folding up and down.

He sang with them led Summer up this way,
Fixing the flattered flowers in her bright hair;
And still—would mightier minstrels did so dare—
He sings: "Song, song forever and a day!"

II—THE VOICE OF WARNING

Mute, Summer stands and looks with me,
Listening she stands, her hand upon her breast;
The last fair colors vanish in the west.

Wakes faint prophetic melody!
Where dead leaves are belong those murmurings.
Is it the cricket or the silence sings?

III—DIRGE

The lorn winds seek her night and day,
Afar on misty ways they wander;

Seek they Summer, fled away
Into the dim light sinking yonder.

They find her not, and homeward blow;
Gone, ay, flown they know not whither,
Float her dirges to and fro
In hollows where the last weeds wither:

“Sing her song, and let it dwell
Where once we heard dear Summer’s laughter.
Happy, happy flowers that fell!
She sent you first, and followed after.”

IV—“FROM THE SLUMBROUS SUMMER GROUND”

From the slumbrous summer ground,
Set with roses round,
Darkened—for the sun was dying—
I heard a heart, a lone heart, sighing:
*The roses go to-morrow,
And the green leaves from the tree;
If thou didst ever sorrow,
Oh, come and be with me!*

There again I went, to-day,
All had dropt away;
Leaves and roses low were lying,
And again the sun was dying.

Through the pale rain falling,
Sad and sweet as sound may be,
Still a heart was calling,—
Hast loved, oh, stay with me!

V—“I HEARD A BIRD I’ THE TREE-TOP”

I heard a bird i’ the tree-top,
His heart was lost in song;
The wind was hushed in the hollow,
The still grass listened long and long.

I saw a bird i’ the weed-top,
All his sweet songs were sung;
The wind, it hissed in the hollow,
The rattling weed in the shadow swung.

THE PASSING OF AUTUMN

I—“HUMBLED, NOW, ARE FIELD AND BOWER”

Humbled, now, are field and bower,
Songless, sunless is the hour;
Ward he keeps, the wizard gray,
Whose charm is on the withered way.

Comes a wind whence no man knows,
Through the grating weeds it blows.
Hark! it comes, it sighs and goes;
Once it rocked the summer rose.

II—THE LAST DANCE OF THE LEAVES

The wind of Autumn wakes and blows,
It whistles in the withered close;
Now it laughs, and now it grieves:
Weird the measure that it weaves
For the dances of the yellow leaves.

The sad grass pale and paler grows,
Gray Death, from vale to hill he goes;
Still the wind, it half deceives:
Weird the measure that it weaves
For the dances of the dying leaves.

III—"AUTUMN HEARS NOT THE FELL FEET PASS"

Autumn hears not the fell feet pass
From hill to hollow;
Her eyes no longer follow
The shapes that blanch the grass.

The pale hours wreath her sleeping-place,
There droop and hover;
The white moon leans above her,
Weeps down upon her face.

IV—"BLACK THE SHADOW, GRAY THE GLOOM"

Black the shadow, gray the gloom
As the shape by Beauty's tomb;
Joy is bowed there, pale and still;
Moans and moans the lonely hill.—

Joy, what is the voice you hear
Through the rain and shadow drear?
Joy, what hear you?—Make his bed,
Sing his dirge; Joy, too, is dead.

V—"THE FALLING OF THE AUTUMN RAIN"

The falling of the autumn rain,—
The pledge of pity from the sky,
The pathos of the autumn stain,
The pain upon the autumn cry,

The field-smile shining less and less,
The hugging darkness on the hill,
The patient, questioning gentleness,
The sleep—and all the grief is still.

VI—"NOW MUST THE NIGHT WINDS CRY AND MOAN"

Now must the night winds cry and moan
Through barren branches black and lone,
And, murmuring secret hurt and pain,
The grieving hill and mead complain.

For he within the thin wild air,
Saw not the fair lives were so fair;
His fingers touched the sweet eyes dim,
And sealed the lips beseeching him.

VII—THE SIBYL I' THE AIR

"Now are the beauties going, going
From earth and from the hearts of men;
But, their sweet round forever flowing,
To-morrow they will come again.

"Now are the voices dying, dying,
A time must fail their tender art;
But soon again it will be lying
Upon the summer and thine heart."

The sibyl i' the air has said,
The sighing, now, is happy sound;
Now once more am I comforted
With grace and patience of the ground.

“ALONG THE SILENT, SHINING SNOW”

Old griefs are on the night wind's breath,
Old voices, old as pain and death;
Dim shapes of sorrow grieving go
Along the silent, shining snow.

One voice of all would softly stay,
One shape would linger by the way;
Wise, kindly Nature wills not so;
The grieving shadows, on they go.

Along the silent, shining snow,
Dimmer and dimmer, on they go
Till, far where my dead summer lies,
The dear shape fades, the grieving diés.

LULLABY

Dusk is on the sunny skies;
Shut, pretty blossom, shut your eyes.

Little star to his watch-tower slips;
Lullaby, lullaby, rose-leaf lips.

But a star, and the day is done;
Lullaby, lullaby, little one.

ALL THE DEARS LOVE I

Der Schmetterling ist in die Rose verliebt

HEINE

The butterfly, in love with the rose,
Must round it hover and hover;
The sunshine, in love with the butterfly,
Is just such another lover.

But whom does the rose love? Tell me that,
You who good guessers are;
Do you think it 's the singing nightingale,
Or the little quiet star?

I know not whose is the rose's heart,
But all the dears love I;
I love the sunshine, the bird and the flower,
The star and the butterfly.

RUN AWAY, LOVE

Run away, love, and leave to me
The way of the bird and the way of the bee;
Flower to flower down to the mead,
Flower to flower over the vale,
Vale to vale as the sunbeams lead,
On to the sea and the endless sail.

No, no, love, I will not stop,
The butterfly swings in the thistle-top;
Rock, it's rock, in the sunny weather,
Song of the bird and sweet of the bee,
Just the day and I together,—
That is the life and the love for me.

Fie, fie, love, bliss enough for me
The song of the bird, the sweet of the bee;
Flower to flower down from the hill,
Flower to flower down to the dale,
Field to field as the free winds will,
Ho, for the sea and the endless sail!

FLOWER SONG

Catch-fly, clocks, and columbine,
Whose am I if he is mine?

Blue-curls, bindweed, baby-eyes,
Love is cruel when he tries.

Hound's-tongue, nightshade, meadow-rue,
I'll have lover none but you.

Pin-bloom, pipe-vine, pimpernel,
This, sweet naughty, you know well.

Shepherd's-purse and shooting-star,
Strangest folk all lovers are.

Silverweed and thimbleberry,
Ho, my heart, but we are merry!

Bleeding-heart and virgin's-bower,
Now it is the lover's hour.

Stonecrop, stickseed, tiger-lily,
He will love me—will he, will he?

Knot-grass and for-get-me-not,
Let him swear it on the spot.

THE LOWLY LASSES

Until you catch the roses cheating,
Look not for 't in a country Sweeting;
All their stain is o' the cherries,
Or they have been among the berries.

The winds of heaven lisp no wrong;
Under leaves and over grasses
Sing they only lowly lasses.
Who loves a doxy, come along!

SONG OF THE COUNTRY LASS

A lass am I, and I wait my day;
To some 'twill be nay, but to one 'twill be yea;
When the time comes, I shall know what to say.
The winter goes, and the warm wind blows,
And who shall keep the color from the red, red
 rose?

The blossom blue and the blossom pink,
The bee may love both, but I know what I think:
One he loves best, and there will he drink.
There is bloom for the bee, there is dew for the
 grass,
And the cup is not empty for a country lass.

A lass am I, neither high nor low;
My heart is mine now, but I'd have the world
 know,
When the wind 's right, away it will go.
The brook sings below, and the bird sings above,
And sweeter in between sings the lover to his love.

SONG OF THE FARMER MAN

A farmer man from the furrow I be,
With a life and a wife and children three,
And what God gives is enough for me;
So it's ho, take cheer, take cheer!
'Tis a very good world, or we wouldn't be here,
We wouldn't be here.

There 's not a day the glad year round,
But I get what 's mine from the good mother-
ground;
My cribs are crammed, and my sleep is sound.
Let the March winds howl, winds howl;
There 's an egg in the nest of the hornèd owl,
Of the hornèd owl.

TO THE JUNE WIND

Murmur, murmur, wind,
June music through my mind;
Murmur, and falter not
Till ripples every thought
With sweetest sound may be
For dreamer's melody.
Blow, wind, with all your art,
June music through my heart;
Breathe the wild sweet in,
Let my song begin!

“YOU FAIREST THINGS OF SUMMER DAY”

You fairest things of summer day,
Come hither all, come up this way!
But first from haunts of undiscovered beauty,—
Lodges only love may guess,
Make it your eager toil, your dearest duty,
To spoil their locked and virgin loveliness;
Rob woods and waters, field and air
Of every treasure glad and fair.
Be yours like mine, the choice that grows
Too fine, fastidious for the rose;
Pass it for blossom, bright or pale, might tease
The shade by fanes of old divinities.
Go where the pine makes its own night,
And dream is woven and wound
By the shadow on the leaping light,
The sigh upon the sleeping sound;
Where brooks through starry darkness flow
With music mute by day,
And winds—heard memories—come and go,
Murmuring what words can never say.
Go thither, gentles, nor return to me
Till you can mix my melody
With sweet shall not be heard again
In any measure of the sons of men;
Go, gentles, and come not till you have found
The sweetest sweet went ever into sound.

TO A SUMMER BREEZE

Idle rover, truant breeze,
Where are all the melodies;
Where the music, where the dream,
Of the greenwood and the stream?
Wingèd mischief, 'tis a sin
To swing my curtain out and in,
Then, weary of your play,
To peep, and slip away.
Among so many bring me one
Of the treasures of the sun.
The beauty pouring, spilling over
On the daisies and the clover,
The lovely things of field and tree,
Color or form or melody,
Ay, all that has been sung or shall
Be sung in sunny pastoral—
It all is free, forever free;
Wanton, bring of my own to me.
Not even a frail, fantastic twist
Shorn from the forehead of the mist;
No bit of cloudland brave and gay,
All beautiful with ruined day;
No sleep of shadows where they fall
On gloomy bank or mossy wall;
Nothing; and here I lie so long,
Earth's lover, singer of her song;

The very one that June loves best,
And keeps the rose for, on her breast.
Wingèd mischief, come inside,
Bring me of the summertide.

THE SECRET OF JUNE

The sparrows are singing,
The rain-bells ringing,
The clouds come down to the hill;
The south wind is blowing,
The light is going,
The voice of the day is still.

The sparrows, what say they,
The bells, what play they,
While roses nod to the tune?
Who is there can spell it,
Ay, who dare tell it,
The blissful secret of June?

Hark! there was a flutter;
But naught did it utter.
'Twas like a sigh in a dream.
The loves, from hid places
They see our faces
By the light of their wings a gleam.

No sparrow now singing,
No rain-bell ringing,
The clouds on the hill are curled;
The south wind is sleeping,
Safe in June's keeping
Her secret, too sweet for the world.

THE LITTLE WARM OWL

Darkness, grow and blacker fold,
Rattle, hail, and blast be bold.
Old trees, blow together
In the cold, roaring weather;
Louder you howl
The jollier he,
In his nest in the breast of the hollow tree,—
The warm little owl, the little warm owl.

Play up, wild pipes i' the forest bare,
Gallop, goblins, down the air.
Ride, hug to the back
Of the scudding rack;
Fiercer it scowl
The jollier he,
In his nest in the breast of the hollow tree,—
The warm little owl, the little warm owl.

COYOTE

A dim lithe shape moves over the mesa,
Roves with the night wind up and down;
The light-foot ghost, the wild dog of the shadow,
Howls on the level beyond the town.
Cry, cry, Coyote!

No fellow has he, with leg or wing,
No mate has that spectre, in fur or feather;
In the sagebush is whelped a fuzzy thing,
And mischief itself helps lick him together.
Up, cub Coyote!

The winds come blowing over and over,
The great white moon is looking down;
In the throat of the dog is devil's laughter.
Is he baying the moon or baying the town?
Howl, howl, Coyote!

The shadow-dog on the windy mesa,
He sits and he laughs in his devil's way.
Look to the roost and lock up the lambkin—
A deal may happen 'twixt now and the day.
Ha, ha, Coyote!

NIGHT ON THE RANGE

The wind, the wind and the rain!
The trees on the ridges hiss and strain,
Over the heads of the cattle
The stript limbs whistle, they wrench and rattle.
Hark, hark!
The thin wolves bark,
They whim and whine
For the mild moonshine,
They snap at the flapping wings o' the dark.

The bleat of the wedging sheep,
The shout of the owl on the howling steep!
The hale old gods of the hill,
They clash the tankards, they take their fill.—
Howl, howl!
The great gray owl,
His eyeballs blaze
Down the windy ways;
Scamper, wolves, by the eyes of the owl.

POET AND CROW

POET

For once, old ebon buccaneer,
A bit of panegyric hear.
A few yet walk the earth
Who know your place and worth.

We dare avow it was your croak
That first the mother silence broke,
And beardless Time stared round,
Astonished at the sound.
An elemental, cosmic hymn,
Close as the bark is to the limb,
None of the wild might trimmed away,
Native as sunlight to the day,
Your song, in valley and on hill,
Holds fast the hale, unchanging art
Of Nature, her unbroken will,
The secret of her sturdy heart.
That gride—indigenous, grim—
That rasp on horror's rim,
In one ear rings forever true,
It thrills one bosom through and through,—
Nature's. To her you sing,
To her, to her you cling;
Your whole demeanor is devotion,—
All that grave and stately motion,
That scorn of them that dare be bold
Against the ancient iron mould.
Courage from claw to beak,
You brace us, worn and weak;
'Tis marrow for the bones when forth
You sally 'gainst the braggart North,
Clinch with him as mixed foe with foe
The elements, long, long ago,
When slow toward form the crude earth curlew,
And chaos woke, and was a world.

But you have, too, your gracious ways;
Right well you love the buddy days,
The rondeaus that the robins sing,
The bluebird music, sweet with Spring.
Then joy it is to see
You on the dreamy tree,
Armored in darkness, in your throat
The potence of the olden note,
Great faith's own minstrelsy:
"Let none despair, nor once forget;
Lo, there is corn in Egypt yet!"
And when 'tis summer in the land,
And all the rule is love's own hand,
Then in yon speary field of mine
Courtly you swagger, stride, and shine,
Liege lord, by immemorial right,
Throughout the kingdom of God's light.

CROW

I'm a prince of the air,
One scarcely made to scare
At the like of man or his image;
I'm Crow, old Crow, stiff up for a scrimmage:
And it's out in the morn,
When the dew is on the corn,
For to fill my maw—
Caw, caw, caw!

You are you, I am Crow,
A thing or two I know;
I sniff the trigger and the barrel,
Then off I flop, I flop and I carol,—
O, it's out in the morn,
When the dew is on the corn,
For to fill my maw—
Caw, caw, caw!

I am Crow, you are you,
I know a thing or two;
A man may be of straw,
But crow is tough stuff from beak to claw;
And it's out in the morn,
When the dew is on the corn,
For to fill my maw—
Caw, caw, caw!

I was born on the hill,
And have always had my will;
I am grit and gristle and brain,
My every feather is dyed in the grain:
And it's out in the morn,
When the dew is on the corn,
For to fill my maw—
Caw, caw, caw!

THE POET

He that has sipped from the honey-cell,
O listen him, and wish him well!
His are the thoughts that live with roses,
With cloud-shapes where the sun-gate closes;
The glinting through green summer leaves
Is in the measure that he weaves;
There all the secrets murmured, purled
By brooks, or in the rosebud curled,
Or in the winds o' the nesting-tree,
Not sleep can keep from melody.
Light fancy has he, frail and fair,
Like the orchid, rooted in the air;
And yet so searching is his art,
Gray Earth grows happy at her heart,
And wonders he, the while he sings,
At strangest bright, eternal things.
The accent is not all his own;
Betimes the god sings on alone.

MUSIC

From reed and rill and turning sphere,
From the unfathomed past,
The future's darker vast,
One harmony thy heart may hear;

The vale, the hill, the sea, the stars,
Great Nature and the soul,
I teach them, and out roll
Forever my immortal bars.

The voices else fast-fettered, dumb,
Beyond the poet's word,
But ever by him heard,
I free them, and they singing come.

In their bright song the heights to be
Gleam like the hills at morn;
Back where thy soul was born,
Thither thou goest, following me.

I rule the future and the past;
What shines His face before
I show thee, and once more
The loveliness that could not last.

I call, I cease, yet am not gone;
Although my voice speak not,
Thou hearest me in thought;
In deep of dreams I murmur on.

I speak for all that live and love,
That sorrow and rejoice;
Mine is the only voice
All know on earth, all know above.

THE GRACIOUS FAILURE

A sweeter voice than the honey-seeker has
Is in the murmur of the summer grass;
In brooding woodlands, when the thrush is done,
Wanders an utterance by no songster won;

The constant sky has colors lovelier far
Than any gleaming in the evening star;
The gentle heart, deep in its secret place,
Has beauty never lent the fairest face.

So in the poet's world, shamed is his art
Before the vibrant silence at his heart.
And well it is that, spurning perfect speech,
Plays the wild beauty always out of reach;

Were once by some god-poet caught and bound
The wavering light, the subtile pulse of sound,
That ere it come is gone,—what singer, then,
Would ever dare to lift his voice again!

AD ASTRA

Better the pale leaf's piteous flight
Than is the wingless clod's decay;
Better the curled smoke's heavenward round
Than rock which wears to earth away.

Hold your bright path, O Dream, and flash
The gladness beautiful and far;
Over the storm-drift build the bow,
Heart the darkness with a star!

THE HOPE OF MAN

The wings are fleet, and the breath is sweet,
Of the winds blown over the world so long;
The June grass brightens with rain and heat,
The boughs of the morning are glad with song.

The hills high over the valley lie,
Glory on glory climbs as it can;
Over the hill is the great brave sky,
Over the sky is the hope of man.

THE VOYAGE

Be our course by sun or star,
Be the haven near or far,
Steering toward the setting sun,
Golden shores will yet be won.

Father, stand with forehead bare;
Over faith all skies are fair.
Youth, lean out your golden head;
Love is willing, whither led.

THE GREAT STRANGE GLORY

The human heart a darksome place,
With all that sun out there;
Not light enough in heaven's face
To shine thy spirit fair!

Gazest where, over hill and sea,
The great strange glory lies?
Ah, nothing will it profit thee,
Seen only with thine eyes.

The wonder is forever wrought,
The morning anthem sung;
But it must be within thy thought,
Must dwell upon thy tongue.

THE HAND

The Hand, and shall it falter?
From crystal and from cell
It builds as it has builded;
As ever, builds it well.

Lo, the hill of morning,
The sun-crown on his head!
The stars know yet the evening,
The summer rose is red.

Who has stood, and felt it shaking,
Has found the earth afraid?
Stiff yet her ancient pillars,
Her beams in music laid.

LOOK UP

Enough of sweet and fair
Hovers for hope to see;
Enough for hope is the summer air,
The song in the summer tree.

Fair things in plenty spread,
They fill faith's quiet eye;
The heart that hungers and is fed
Fears not the by-and-by.

Fixed be the upward gaze,
The lifted eyes of trust;
The green looks up from the April ways,
The daisy from the dust.

THE ANGEL EVER NIGH

Needless the journey, east or west;
The nearest booty is the best.

Set up thy tent; life has no more
To give than now is at the door.

Where looks the clear, home-keeping eye,
There is the angel standing by.

HOW IS IT, HEART ?

Morn to night the daisies play,
Dance with the wind the livelong day;
When comes the evening hour,
Asleep are wind and flower.

Over field and steepled town
The bird goes flying up and down;
A charm the darkness weaves,
It dreams among the leaves.

Heart, how is it that you are
Alone awake by sun and star;
That you have missed the meed
Of bird and wind and weed?

BLEEDING HEART AND BROKEN WINGS

Few listened to the lonely singer's lay,
(Our life, it is a little day,)
He sang, and vanished in the valley dim,
Where, all in vain, praise followed him.

One gave for naught a loving heart away,
(Our life, it is a bitter day,)
They brought white lilies, but too late for *her*
To see how like herself they were.

Heaven-taught, the maiden loves, the poet sings—
Dear bleeding heart, poor broken wings!
So has it ever been through all the years,—
For song the sorrow, for love the tears.

THE VOICE

From far across the sea,
Bright, smooth and bright,
I seek these towers that be
The tallest in all the white moonlight;
Lone warder, pale and thin,
Lone warder, let me in!

She that with summer fled,
Fair, young and fair,
Hither they bore her, dead.
But the white moon wept on her face, her hair,
And the stars upon her yearned;
Love called; and her soul returned.

She rose, and sat upright,
Her mild eyes were
As moons in the moonlight,
The white light stained where it fell on her;
Her voice came over the sea—
Haste, warder, she waiteth me!

Her voice within I hear,
I hear her call;
The wild sea doth she fear,
The sea against the glittering wall.
Wake! the night winds blow;
Open ere I must go!

AT LOVE'S DOOR

I heard a sound in the deep of night,
Unlike aught heard before;
It was a lost heart knocking at love's door.

I saw a sight in the dawning light;
May I not see it more!
It was a dead heart lying at love's door.

A-RIDING DOWN

Riding, a-riding down,
A youth rode out o' the town;
The valley rang
With the song he sang,
Riding, a-riding down.

Riding, a-riding, he
Rode down to the oaken tree;
For maiden fair
He tarried there,
As nevermore ride would he.

Riding, a-riding on,
He rode again i' the dawn;
The glad day long
He sang no song,
Riding, a-riding on.

Riding, a-riding by,
A voice from the hill did cry—
It cried anear,
But he could not hear,
Riding, a-riding by—:

“Riding, a-riding what way?
And who the other so gray?
How should it ride
With no heart inside,
Riding, a-riding the way?”

Riding, a-riding down,
Two rode afar from the town;
That at his side
Was love that died,
Riding, a-riding down.

BY THE GREAT GRAY STONE

A youth and a maid went forth in the morn,
Another went with them, close at their side.
They saw him not; for with might was he born
To mask him and hide in the golden tide.
They knew not he was there;
They took no care
But to journey and joy till the red sun died.

The way was sunny, the fields were sweet,
Blithely they fared with laughter and song;
Swiftness they had as of love's own feet,
As love were they swift, as hope were they strong.
Boon mates of the day,
They held their way,
Joyous they journeyed the warm day long.

So happy, so fair, did they pass me by,
I followed, beguiled by the bliss they lent,
Till the early moon came into the sky,
And the daylight down to darkness went.
Then in hollow, on hill,
The wind dropt still,
And I felt what the fateful quiet meant.

The wind awaked; through the wailing shade
I climbed the bare hill to the Great Gray Stone.
Against it leaned was a weeping maid.
No lover was there, but she bowed not alone:
At her side stood he
We do not see
Till the daylight dies and the night winds moan.

THE EMPTY DWELLING

A house I built upon a hill,
Uphung above the noisy shore;
I built with love's unwearied will,
And, ending, led one to the door.
She would not enter; I went in no more.

No temple ever statelier stood,
With sun or mist upon its dome;
'Twas worthy noblest womanhood,
But she that with me to it clomb
Turned back; she would not have it for her home.

Thin clouds lay, still, along the sky,
The waters were like glass below;
I heard the last wind lisp and die,
As if it nevermore would blow,
I heard the silence when she turned to go.

What has befallen the empty home!—
For by it I must ever be
Though farthest regions I may roam—
It knows no sound of wind or sea,
But, veiled or naked, stands there silently.

Wild thoughts there be that have strange art;
One haunts me, will not be denied.
I put my hand upon my heart—
It beats. But something at my side
Says, "Death's the stillness; at that door you
died."

THE WHITE BLOSSOMS

It was in a still place of graves;
I asked the winds, which ran wan waves
The slumber-mounds along, "What meaning has
This flowret gladding all the grass,
Little loved-one of the light,
Rooted in death-dark and long night?"

And the winds said: "Two things men lay
In death's unending night away,—
Their joys and sorrows. The sorrows we let sleep,
But the joys no grave may keep;
Soon we lure them back. They know
Our breath, they lean the way we blow."

A ROSE DYING ON A GRAVE.

This is the flower she loved to wear,
And it may yet love's privilege keep;
May gently down to her my message bear,
Dying into the quiet of her sleep.

Her white hand reaches to this rose,
May be; it droops and fainter burns.
The thing too hard for love love never knows;
What answer for my heart when Spring returns?

AT A GRAVE

I

(*In Memoriam* S. P. C.)

As out of the dark the stars,
Broke forth the heavenly bars
Of passion strong,—
The wild bird's song,
Borne, wave on wave,
From a branch above a grave.

Mute heart, you, listening, heard
The music of the bird;
'Twas in your cry,—
"A song had I,
But oh, I know
Of the dead asleep below!"

II

Oft I call, he nothing hears;
Foolish is grief as death is wise.
The white peace chides me where he lies,—
"None would know again the years."

ASLEEP IN THE WEST

(*In Memoriam* J. V. C.)

They led her East, they led her West,
She followed where they led;
The way, it ran toward rest,
The one untroubled bed.

To her pale cheek the color came,
Whether on hill or wave,—
The flower with brighter flame
The nearer to the grave.

They led her East, they led her West,
She followed meek and still;
The way, it ran toward rest—
She sleeps upon the hill.

Sometimes I think that Nature knows,—
Her native western skies,
The warm wind and the rose
Remember where she lies.

A FAIRY GRAVE

Let a little grave be made,
Half in shadow, half in shade,
In a quiet, kindly place,
Friendly as her face;

Let the passing fairy bird
From his airy height be heard,—
Ever, ever for that ground
Only gentle sound;

Let the singing winds, which be
Wingèd dream and melody,
Singing softly, by her lie,
Softly singing, die;

Let the bee has sucked the bloom
Homeward journey by her tomb,
And his tithe of sweet be paid
To her sweeter shade;

Let the low clouds, red and gold,
Mourn her on the mountains old.—
Beauty, aye her guardian be,
You and Melody.

Spirits of sound and souls of flowers,
All you dearest griefless powers,
You with whom she went away,
Tend her night and day.

POOR LITTLE JANE

What shall be done with little Jane,
Little Jane who has lost her lover?
With the sun and rain of Lovers' Lane
Green is his grassy cover.

She cannot sleep, she cannot spin,
They will have to take her away;
Her eye is too bright, her cheek too thin,
She hears not a word they say.

She has no joy of the summer sun,
And fearful things she sees
At the gate in the lane when day is done,
And there 's a wail in the faded trees.

She cannot laugh, she cannot weep,
And alas! that look in her eye.
Poor little Jane! 'Tis but the sheep,
And she says the white dead go by.

“NO LONGER WITH THE YEARS”

No hue of early Spring,
When first the fields and trees are fair,
Is beauteous as the shimmering
In Autumn's yellow hair.

No bird may build her nest
Where Summer puts her glory on,
But silence comes, a gentler guest,
When leaves and song are gone.

No light in loved-one's eye,
No eloquence on lover's tongue,
Dwells tenderly as thoughts that live
Dim memories among.

No dream, 'neath sun or star,
No gift of laughter or of tears,
Is sweet as the sleep of them that are
No longer with the years.

MY DREAMS

I would not measure mine own strength,
Nor set the shadow's growing length;

Old friends, O Time! I would not say
When they shall tire and drop away;

I ask but that, till all be gone,
All else, lorn life once leaned upon,

Thou put not out my old heart-gleams:
O Time! leave till the last my dreams.

THE LOWLY

The people clamored, and I heard:
"Lo, we have gathered East and West,
Ours the high deed, the haughty word;
Yet are we numbered of the tribe unblest."

The warm winds whispered, and I heard:
"Belike day loves the lowly best;
Gleams follow yonder lated bird,
They gild her wings, they light her to the nest."

WHAT IS THE VISION?

Up, there, in the dusky sky,
What is the vision for thine eye;
All else a blank, one tender light
Making the patient mountain bright?
No; looks not down the moon alone,
But gentlest eyes that ever shone,
L. of C.

Once raised to her, slow dreaming through
The cloud-bank to the open blue,—
The eyes of all have looked above,
In joy or pain of grief and love.

Up and down the field's new green,
What does the misty moving mean?
Nowhere, nowhere untrodden grass;
There all dear forms that once did pass
On it, with laughter or with sigh,
And, last, did 'neath its pity lie.

“THE DARKNESS UNDER THE LIGHT”

The darkness under the light,
The gleaming under the night,
The sleep 'neath the autumn breath,
The leap from the winter death,
The beat of far-away wings,
The greetings, the vanishings,—
These haunt me, and will not go;
I dream, but I cannot know.

THE SPHINX

It is now forty years ago
I went to her with empty hand.
"Tell me," I said, "that I may know,
Thou silent sitter in the sand."
From out the gray waste there,
Naught but the old impenetrable stare.

To-day I went, as long ago,
Still sat she, staring from the sand.
I held to her a rose in blow;
I said, "This does not understand."
Shallowed the fathomless stare,
She smiled; the red thing was so fair.

"I SAW A GARDEN GLAD AND FAIR"

I saw a garden glad and fair
As Eden when the first of lovers found it;
The golden light, the flowers, were there,
The waters winding, singing round it.

I saw the trees, the blossom-burst,
I heard the music of sweet winds in hiding;
And him above all cattle cursed
I saw, 'twixt the tall fennel gliding.

THE EAGLE

I saw a wild bird on a rock,
By sun-fire tried and tempest-shock;
Rider and tamer of the wind,
A king among his kingly kind.

Dim as the dim and quiet night,
He sat there, folded in his might;
Still as the rock, so still and gray,
He sat the solemn hours away.

“Hears he,” I mused, “the melody,
The dream-sound, in the mountain tree;
And does remembered glory thrill
That proudest spirit of the hill?”

Round his shut wings and humbled head,
A voice from out the silence said,—
*The eagle, when the day is done,
Forgets he faced the flaming sun.*

FOUR DAYS OF GOD

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

With about 90 illustrations in color. Bound in white and gold and purple. Small 4 to.
(Probably) \$1.00.

It is quite impossible to describe adequately the surpassing charm of this book. We can say simply that it will appeal to every lover of nature who sees in her manifold beauties the living glories of the work of God.

No one can write more beautiful or sparkling prose than Mrs. Spofford and never has she been so absolutely charming as in *Four Days of God*.

The book has about 90 illustrations by Miss A. C. Tomlinson which catch the spirit of the text to perfection and with the harmonious print and paper and binding make the book a little gem.

RICHARD G BADGER & COMPANY
(Incorporated)

Publishers, Boston

IRISH MIST AND SUNSHINE

BALLADS AND LYRICS BY

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD

(Sliav-na-mon)

With an introduction by William O'Brien, M. P.

With frontispiece. Small quarto.

Cloth ornamental. \$1.50

This is a book of ringing Irish ballads that will stir the heart of every lover of true poetry. "Here and there a verse may be as frankly unadorned as the peasant cabins themselves in their homely cloaks of thatch, but every line rings true to life and home and with the tone, as heartmoving as the Angelus which holds Millet's peasants in its spell," from Mr. O'Brien's introduction.

"Father Dollard's ballads have all the fire and dash of Kipling's, with a firmer poetic touch" says Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole.

RICHARD G BADGER & COMPANY

(Incorporated)

Publishers, Boston

A book of poetry worth while.

POEMS OF THE TOWN

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY

16 mo. Flexible Leather. \$1.25

The following are but a few extracts from many reviews received on *Poems of the Town*. Among this chorus of praise there has not been one dissenting voice.

“For terse English, for picturesque and appropriate imagery, for keen and faithful portraiture Mr. McGaffey has no superior. And there will be many to say that this book entitles him to recognition as the interpreter of his age.”—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

“It is doubtful if any American poet has written a finer, more humane, more nobly and righteously wrathful outburst against the maladies of civilization than the poem in this collection entitled *Laocoon of the Town*.”—*St. Louis Mirror*.

“His lyrics have that touch of universality which distinguishes true poetry from mere verse. It is not too much to say that *Poems of the Town* are certain to take a place among the best examples of American poetry.” —*Editorial Chicago Chronicle*.

RICHARD G BADGER & COMPANY

(Incorporated)

Publishers, Boston

THE LYRIC LIBRARY

POEMS OF THE TOWN

Ernest McGaffey

SONG-SURF

Cale Young Rice

ONE DAY AND ANOTHER

Madison Cawein

FOR THINKING HEARTS

John Vance Cheney

IN THE HARBOR OF HOPE

Mary Elizabeth Blake

Other volumes in preparation.

16 mo. Flexible Leather. \$1.25.

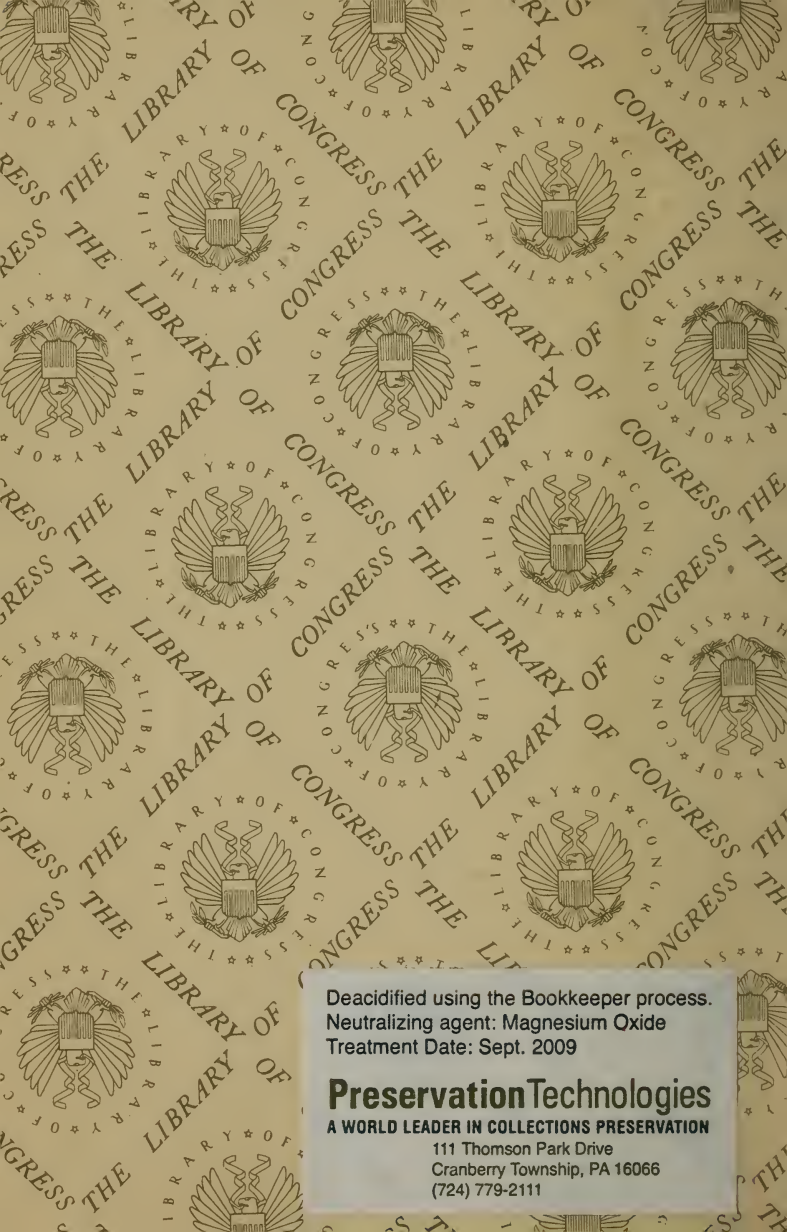
RICHARD G BADGER & COMPANY

(Incorporated)

Publishers, Boston

OCT 5 1903

OCT 4 - 1950

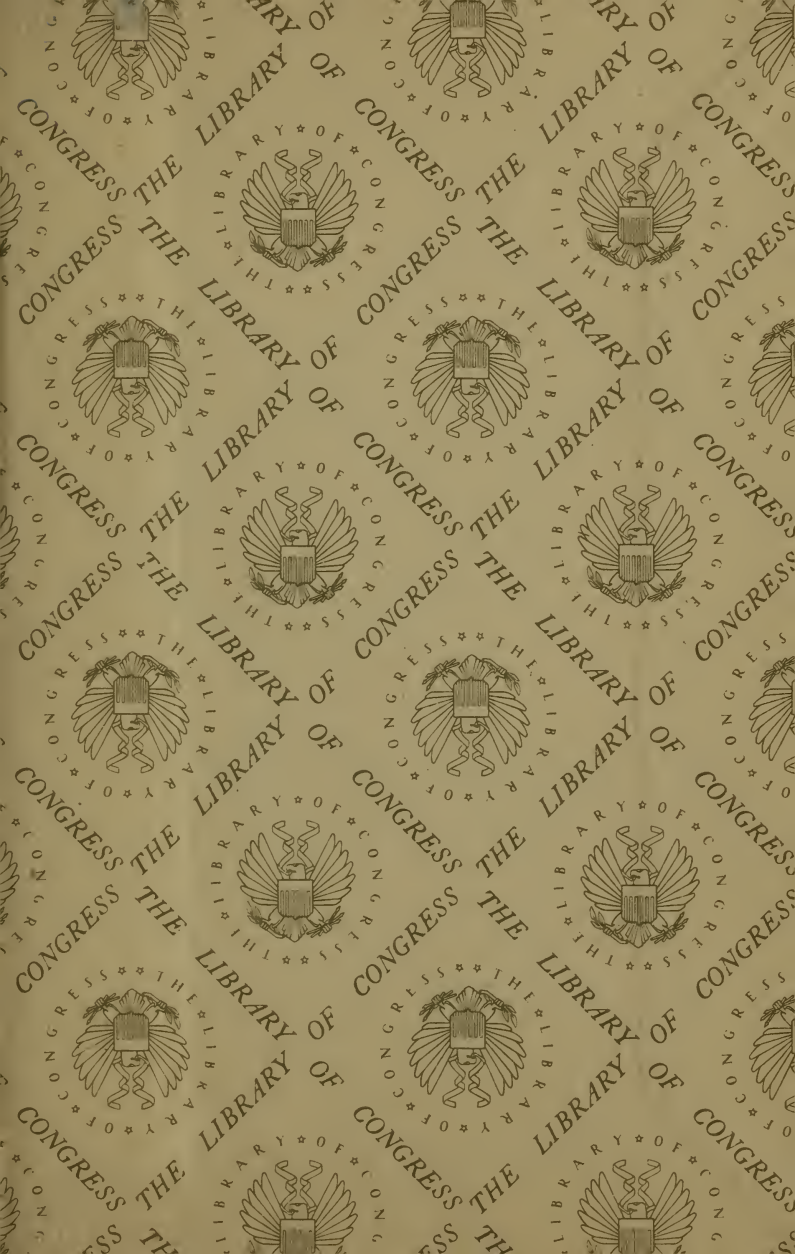


Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 293 787 0

